

CIDER-MAKING TIME.

The dear old cider-makin' time has come around agin. An' I feel so awful tickled that it seems almost a sin; Fer o'ct I heard the preacher say, with face twelve inches long: "When little chaps gets tickled, they's surely smuthin' wrong." But I can't help bein' happy when I see the orchard trees. Jist breaking down with apples, an' I hear the hummin' bees. Gettin' jist so drunk on cider that they gether everywhere. That they stagger in the flyin' and wobble through the air. No matter what the preacher says, it surely is a crime. Fer boys to not be tickled in the cider-makin' time.

Oh, it's fun to git up airy on the cider-makin' day! The air's so stimulat' it drives the blues away. An' makes a feller go about a singin' ev'rywhere. With heart so light and happy that he doesn't think of care. It's fun to bring the apples—them big, red northern spies. That make such jolly dumplins and big, fat, juicy pies. An' the russets an' the pippins, some sweet an' others sour— Oh, I love to set an' smell 'em, an' taste 'em by the hour. Then the grindin' of the apples is a mighty pleasant sound. When some other feller's muscels makes the heavy wheel go round; An' the drippin' an' the pourin' of the cider in the tub. When they put the pressure on it, is a purty rula-dub.

At last we git the barrel full, an' then we have to stop. An' turn it on its bosom with the bung-hole on the top. Then comes the sweetest pleasure that mortal ever saw. Of suckin' hallelujah through the bung-hole with a straw. I know you'll forgive me for borin' you with rhyme. Fer I feel so awful jolly in the cider-makin' time.

A DINNER DIALOGUE.

When I entered the drawing room Mrs. Tregunter smiled on me quite amiably. I wondered why, until I remembered that the Morning Post had a paragraph on my uncle's illness. "I want you to take down Molly," she said, graciously. I crossed to Molly at once, but she would not look at me. I ventured to remind her of my presence. "Oh, it's you, is it?" she remarked, pensively. "Yes, you've got to go down to dinner with me." She heaved a sigh. "Is that quite polite?" I asked, reproachfully. She flushed a glance at me. "Life is a continual pairing," she observed, standing up and shaking her draperies into becoming folds; "and so seldom with the right man." "That is the comedy of life," I remarked. "And what is the tragedy?" "Having no partner at all." I indicated Miss Allemand, the governess, who was following alone. "Poor dear!" said Molly. "I will relinquish you to her." But I declined firmly. "I am afraid of governesses," I said, explanatorily. "It was a governess who wrecked my young life." "What did she do?" asked Molly, seriously. "She declined to elope with me." Molly withdrew her arm. "I fear you are a dreadful person." "I was only 14," I put in hastily. We had taken our places at the table. I like a white shoulder, but white shoulder for two courses is too much. "Is it quite fair to devote yourself solely to Sir Thomas?" I ventured to ask. "He says such clever things." She flung the words beamingly over her sleeve. "You mean to insinuate—" I began, crossly. "Nothing at all." "I don't think Miss Allemand has brought you up at all nicely." "What do you mean?" she said, turning on me suddenly with a very severe face. "O, nothing at all." "You are very stupid." "That isn't the way to speak to your ma's guests." She scrutinized me. "I don't see what that girl could see in you," she murmured. "What girl?" I queried eagerly. She shook her head. "I oughtn't to have said that." "But you did say it! And I insist on hearing to whom you referred." She pouted. "Will you promise not to tell?" she replied after a little pause, her face suddenly lighting up with a roguish smile. "I promise." I watched the dimple growing on her cheek. She gave a little burst of laughter. "Milly Vandyke was here this afternoon." "Oh," I sipped some champagne. "She is my dearest friend." "How nice of her!" "We have no secrets from one another," said Molly, becoming very serious. "Haven't you?" My mind rushed helter-skelter through the past. Molly kept her bright eyes on mine, and I saw the dimple come and go. "She tells me everything." Her smile deepened. "Really?" I said, fidgeting. "About Henley, for instance." I looked at her for a moment. She nodded gravely. "It isn't true—upon my honor it isn't." I felt I was reddening. "And what you said?" "I assure I didn't." "And what you—?"

"I deny it." "It's all right," said Molly, consolingly. "She's very fond of you." I gasped. "I don't care two pins about her." "How can you say so?" asked Molly, reproachfully, "after all that has occurred between you?" "Nothing has occurred," I cried despairingly. "And the letters you have written." "I never wrote any letters." "I have read them." "She had no right to show you those letters." "Oh, but—I assure you it was in strict confidence." "I don't remember in the least what I said." "I do," she struck in quickly. "You said your heart was a boat moored in the light of her eyes, and—" "Hush!" I looked round apprehensively. "I thought it so pretty," went on Molly. "And then there was that poem beginning—" "Do you want me to scream?" She laughed again. It is strange that a weak woman should rejoice in a strong man's agony. "Of course I don't care for her," I said boldly, trying to make a stand. Molly pursed her lips. "Of course I don't believe that." "But you must believe it," I cried, desperately. "I only flirted a little with her at Henley because—" "Because?" "Well, you weren't there, you know." "Oh, indeed?" She looked at me severely. "You mean you would have flirted with me instead if I had been there?" "Not flirted," I said, weakly. "What do you mean?" "If you had been there I wouldn't have looked at her." "Oh, indeed?" repeated Molly. "It was only in fun. She knew it was only in fun." That dimple began to dawn again. "Oh, no, she doesn't," she responded gayly. "She thinks you are in earnest." "Nonsense," I cried. "She told me so. She told me that you had practically proposed." "You are teasing me," I said crossly. "Am I indeed? Wait and see." "It can't be true. Say it isn't true." She gave another little burst of laughter. "Of course you don't mind," I said, bitterly, "though it was all your fault." "My fault!" cried Molly. "Well, of all the—" "Why weren't you at Henley then?" I asked. "You see what you have done." "I take no responsibility," said Molly, hotly. "Good gracious, if I had to be responsible for you!" "I wish you would," I said earnestly. "It's no use talking," said Molly. "You must face the music." "Why didn't you tell her I was engaged?" "What, another of them?" cried Molly, looking serious. "You know what I mean. From the way you speak one might imagine I was a flirt." "Um—yes," murmured Molly. "The truth is there wasn't a decent looking girl at Henley, except—" "Except Milly," remarked Molly, sarcastically. "Well, she isn't bad looking in the moonlight." Molly turned her head away a trifle disdainfully. "You must save me from her," I said after a pause. "How can I do that?" "You must tell her I am already engaged." "To whom?" asked Molly, her color rising slightly. "To—the only girl I love." Molly's eyes were fixed on her plate. "Her name?" she asked in a low voice. "Surely you can guess," I whispered. Her color deepened. "Please don't be absurd." "It is the only way." "Nonsense." "But I tell you it is. I won't marry her." "Perhaps she wouldn't have you," she said with a mischievous look in her eyes. "But you said—" "I was only teasing you." "Really?" I cried with a sudden sense of relief. Molly toyed with a grape. "She came to me to say that somebody else had proposed to her and to ask my advice." "Well?" "I advised her to—" "Yes?" "Accept the other man." "Molly, you dear girl!" "So it won't be necessary for you to get engaged to any one else," she went on, looking down. "Molly, you know I love you." "Hush," she whispered. "Won't you be—O Molly, you must." She turned and smiled. "What a silly boy it is!" "I consider we are engaged." By great luck I caught one of her hands beneath the table cloth. "There's the signal; I must go," said Molly, hastily. "Say just one word," I urged. "Do you know the little conservatory?" she murmured, pushing back her chair. I opened the door. As she went out I caught her eye; she blushed divinely. —Pick-Me-Up.

Silk as a Barometer.
Silk dresses rustle much more loudly in dry weather, because they are almost devoid of moisture, and the friction between their folds is considerable. When rain is impending, the silks absorb a portion of the moisture and become more silent.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who sewed her boy's waist on in order to keep him from getting it off to go swimming?

IN A COATING OF ICE.

A Flock of Fowls Entirely Encased in the Crystal.
"The Last Three Soldiers," W. H. Shelton's story in St. Nicholas, contains many unusual situations that develop from the unique plot. Three Union soldiers, who are on a mountain top in the South, cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, lead a regular Crusoe existence. On the evening of the fourth day the thaw was followed by a light rain, which froze as it fell, and developed into a regular ice storm during the night. When the three soldiers looked out on the morning of the nineteenth they found their house coated with ice, and the mountain top a scene of glittering enchantment. Every tree and bush was coated with a transparent armor of glass. The little limbs of the birches and young chestnuts were bent downward in graceful curves by the weight of the ice, which, under the rays of the rising sun, glittered and scintillated with all the colors of the rainbow. Every rock and stone had its separate casing, and every weed and blade of grass was stiffened with a tiny shining overcoat. The stalks on the plantation stood up like a glittering field of pikes. Despite the difficulty of walking over the uneven ground and the slippery rocks, they made their way, not without occasional falls, to the western side of the plateau to observe the effect in the Cove. Philip was in raptures over the prismatic variety of colors, picking out and naming the tints with a childish glee and with a subtle appreciation of color that far outran the limited vision of his comrades, and made them think that Sherman Territory had possibly defrauded the world below of a first-rate artist. As they turned back toward the house Bromley remarked that it was strange they had not been awakened as usual by the crowing of the cocks. Indeed, the stillness of the hour was remarkable. It was strange that while they had lain in their bunks after day-break they had not heard the cocks answering one another from one end of the plateau to the other. Usually they heard first the clear, ringing note of some knowing old bird burst loud and shrill from under the very window, and then the pert reply of some upstart youngster who had not yet learned to manage his crow, drifting faintly back from the rocks to the west; then straightway all the crows of all ages, and of every condition of shrillness and hoarseness, tried for five mortal minutes to crow one another down; and when one weak, far-away chicken seemed to have had the last word, another would break the stillness, and the strident contest would begin again. In leaving the house, they had been so enchanted by the hues of the ice-storm that they now remembered that they had not so much as turned their eyes in the direction of the mill. When they came upon the brow of the hill which overlooked the mill—which was a silver mill now—the limbs of the trees which stretched along the bank beyond were crowded with the fowls, at least four hundred of them, sitting still on their perches. Philip, who fell down in his eagerness, and rolled over on the ice, remarked as he got upon his feet that it was too knowing a flock of birds to leave the sure hold it had on the limbs, to come down on to the slippery ground. As the soldiers came nearer, however, they noticed that their fowls in the sunlight were quite the most brilliant objects they had seen; for their red combs and parti-colored feathers made a rich showing through a transparent coating of ice which enveloped them like shells and held them fast to the limbs where they sat. Whether they had been frozen stiff, or smothered by the ice envelope, they were unable to determine; but they could see that all the fowls had met with a very beautiful death, except five or six of the toughest old roosters, who had managed to crack the icy winding sheet about their bills. One of these, who had more life in him than the others, made a dismal attempt to crow when he caught sight of the soldiers coming to the rescue.

Queer Justice.
It is not to be expected that perfect justice will be done under laws that are made and administered by imperfect men. In Arizona, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, a man was sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars or go to jail for ten days. He had only three dollars, and the court accepted that sum in lieu of three days' imprisonment. By some carelessness on the part of the jailer, however, the man was kept in jail for the full ten days. Naturally he made objection and demanded redress, to which demand the court replied that it was no doubt just, but that it could be granted. If he would commit a second offense he should be sentenced for ten days as before, and then be allowed a three days' discount or rebate.

The Grand Banks.
Gustav Kobbe writes an article entitled "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbe says: The Grand Banks of Newfoundland are the great fishing ground on this side of the Atlantic. Other fishing grounds near these are Western Bank and Quiro; but all the year round you will see vessels on the Grand Banks. If you have ever crossed the ocean on a swift liner, you will have noticed that when about two days out you run into a chilly fog. You were off Cape Race, Newfoundland, crossing the Banks. It is usually cold and foggy there, and in winter frequent gales and snowstorms add to the dreariness and danger. Western Bank is near Sable Island, a long sandbar off the coast of Nova

Scott, and an ocean graveyard, literally strewn with wrecks. The English Government placed a flock of sheep there because there had been instances of sailors wrecked on the island starving to death; but the sheep died. The island was too barren even for them. A herd of ponies was tried, and these hardly creases flourished, but became in time so wild as to be unapproachable; and a shipwrecked sailor hardly has the strength to scamper after a wild pony. Now, however, there are several lighthouses and life-saving stations on the island, and in the spring innumerable gulls nest in the sand and lay their eggs. In May it is not unusual for dorles belonging to the Western Bank fleet to get lost—at least for a while; for the gulls' eggs are good eating during that month. I once asked an old fisherman if he had ever been on Sable Island. He told me he had landed there once when he'd been lost in a dory. "How did you get lost?" I asked. "On purpose, I guess," he answered. Needless to say it had been in May.

BOOK REVIEWS

The title of Mrs. Craigie's new novel is "The School for Saints." The American Monthly Review of Reviews is the new title of the periodical edited by Albert Shaw. In course of time it will doubtless come to be known more briefly as the American Monthly. John Kendrick Bangs is now vice-president of the Yonkers Board of Education and to the duties of this office he devotes a large part of the time left from his writing and from golf, in which he is an enthusiast. The most northern paper in the world is printed at Godthaub, in Greenland, and is called Laesestof. It is a missionary sheet, made for the Eskimos, and has been the means of teaching many of them to read the Danish language. The third and last volume of the new London edition of Burns' works has now been completed by W. E. Henley and his collaborator, Mr. Henderson. Included in it will be an essay on the genius of the poet by Mr. Henley. A new element has been introduced into the problem of the origin of our cats by the discovery in Brazil of a tortoiseshell wildcat, of which the late Prof. Cope had the only known museum specimen. This animal will be described from Prof. Cope's specimen in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, by William H. Ballou. Four O'Clock has a new fund of light, short stories, after the graceful model of those of its editor, Charles Fletcher Scott. The art work, from the poster on the cover to the last pasted-in tail piece, is remarkably good. Gilson never made a more graceful and effective picture than the one by McCutcheon entitled "And Then Broke Down." The magazine shows many signs of prosperity, and if its founders do not make the foolish mistake of changing its character in imitation of something else, they have every chance of holding permanently the wide patronage due to the novelty of their enterprise.

Jim the Penman.
A few months ago a Chicago man who has written a play called upon a New York manager at a Chicago hotel and sent up his card. The theatrical man received him very graciously, and the Chicagoan said he had a play which he would like to have the Gothamite consider. "Sit right down and read it to me now," said the manager. This was done, and at the conclusion of the hearing the New Yorker said that he could not see enough in the play to warrant him in producing it. The Chicago man expressed his thanks for the courtesy of a hearing, and added that he was somewhat surprised to find a New York manager so easily accessible. "Well," said the Gothamite, "I make it a point always to dip into every play which comes along, sufficiently to learn its possibilities at least. I had an experience once which taught me a lesson. I was in London one summer on business, and as I was about ready to return a theatrical broker handed me the manuscript of a play and asked me to place it for him if possible in America. He said I might have the American rights for \$500 and he would give me 10 per cent commission for placing it. "I threw the manuscript into a trunk, and when I reached New York handed it to a well-known manager and asked him to look into it. He soon reported that the piece was 'absolutely worthless.' Of course I gave the matter no further thought. I took the manuscript back across the water next summer and surrendered it. "But a year or two later the author of that play produced it in London and made a hit. The very New York manager who had indorsed it as 'absolutely worthless' secured the American rights by cable, and for many years paid thousands of dollars for the right to present 'Jim the Penman' in this country—a play which was offered to me outright for \$500 and which I never even read. Since then I've been reading plays."—Chicago Times-Herald.

In the Trolley Car.
The Fat Lady (sweetly)—Beg pardon! Did I sit on you, sir?
The Lean Man (crankily)—You did, madam.
The Fat Lady (bridling)—Oh, well, I dare say you needed it.—Puck.

When a man gets a job, after loafing a long time, about the first thing he does is to monkey around, and see if he can't lose it.



AS TO CORSETS.

HOW small waisted women are now, with full skirts and full bodices strapped in by a leather belt! "Tight lacing," one is inclined to say, but really the trimness of the waist is largely suggested by contrast to the fullness about it, and if the Parisienne does pull her stays in a trifle too much she does it at the most comfortable and least dangerous spot, the very waist line. The corset affected by the English woman—perhaps not by the best class, although they are all more or less sinners in this respect, much to the despair of their Paris dressmakers—may pinch the figure in an iron frame for its whole distance of twelve to fifteen inches, but the style of stays approved in Paris is only fashioned with the idea of nipping in the waist. The looser, larger meshed goods or canvas weaves are lined with changeable silk and have belt and collar to match one color and a silk velvet of the other. All have the loose blouse corsage.

A Corner Bookcase.
The corners of a room are always rather difficult to arrange so that the effect shall be satisfactory, and for this purpose the corner bookcase pictured here will meet every need. The frame is fine quartered oak, highly polished, and finished at the top, with a hand-



THE CORNER BOOKCASE.
some molding. While the back of the case fits solidly into the corner, the front presents a square edge, while the shelves are also perfectly square. A curtain of figured silk suspended from a slender brass rod can be drawn directly across the front, or to one side.—Chicago Chronicle.

To Retain Good Complexion.
It is claimed that English women have excellent complexions. While passing through Chicago during the theater season an actress of some repute was questioned as to the preservation of her good complexion. She said that she was, in the first place, an "English woman," and that was in itself sufficient. But, on being asked how one could retain a good complexion, she offered the following shampoo: According to her statement, the face shampoo not only adds to the personal attractiveness of the shampooer, but creates a peaceful, cheerful spirit in her. It rests her nerves after a morning's shopping, it restores her temper. To take it, rub fine soap and a little glycerine on a sponge, wet in water as hot as can be borne. Lather the face and neck thoroughly with this. Then rub with almond meal until the skin is dry. Wash all trace of meal and soap off with clean, hot water; spray with cold water until the flesh is firm and cold. Dry gently with a soft towel, and touch the eyebrows and roots of the hair with a linen cloth dampened with cologne.

An Elaborate Bicycle Suit.
There was recently placed with a fashionable New York tailor an order for a bicycle suit which in the matter of expense is likely to hold the record for some time. The girl who meets the bill is worth a million in her own right, is an athletic beauty and is a reigning belle in the ultra smart set. The suit which makes the bill is the most elaborate ever designed in this country. It is lined with silk, finished with jewels and will cost a lump sum of \$715.50. Two shawls at \$75 apiece will be employed in making the skirt and jacket.

Outdoor Wraps.
Capelike wraps for matrons show long sash ends and are often made up of silk of two different but harmonizing shades, like crushed strawberry and Nile green, the contrast being dampened by a covering of black platted mousseline de soie, gauze or black lace embroidered with steel or jet beads.

A Seaside Costume.
The smartest costumes for the river or seaside are of white plume, either as full bodice and skirt or coat and skirt with cambric shirt. At Newport recently one of these costumes was worn over a white shirt with yellow necktie, combined with a white straw sailor hat with a yellow band of ribbon.

Gettin' Rid o' the Flies.
Nowadays people in civilized regions endeavor to keep flies out of their houses by having screens placed over their doors and windows. This keeps out the greater number of the little pests, but a few always manage to find an entrance through some crevice or cranny. To dispose of these an ingenious mind suggests the following: Near the tops of the screen doors and

window screens punch several holes from the inside with some instrument about the size of a lead pencil, thus leaving slightly funnel-shaped apertures, having a rough, jagged edge on the outside. This renders it impossible for the flies to enter through these holes, while the flies which have strayed into the house the first time they light on one of the screens crawl to the upper part, and, seeing these holes, imagine there is some place where they are not wanted on the other side, and out they go. "In this manner," said a flytrap dealer, "a house can be kept perfectly free from flies."

Newest Things Out.
For business wear the proper shirt waist is of alpaca wash silk, or silk finished gingham. Linen collars and cuffs and a satin tie are the only accessories to traveling frocks of tussore silk.

Ready made ruffings of mousseline and Persian organdies for skirts are a feature of the lace counters. An odd waist of turquoise-blue gloria silk has a yoke of white chiffon and a bolero of heavy white point lace. One of the grotesque fads of the moment is the cravat of mammoth proportions to be worn with silk or cotton shirt waists.

Cross bars of ecru lace on a deep maroon ground, giving the popular canvas effect, constitute a new design in Scotch gingham. Double warp cashmere, closely resembling dray d'ete in delicate tints and beauty of finish, is one of the loveliest light wool summer fabrics.

During her strolls along the seashore porch the stylish summer girl wears a picturesque mess jacket of brilliant red military cloth, braided in black silk, a la West Point. Strips of white embroidery set horizontally on the blouse bodice and curved pieces of the same on bolero jacket pieces give a lovely effect to lavender and pale green lawns, dimities and chambrays.

Even the most expensive materials are now velleo, so extensively has the fad for nets, grenadines and filmy chiffons developed. In French gowns the predominant effect is that of black and white.

With black lawn gowns that are trimmed in white stylish women wear broad-brimmed hats of tulle, chiffon or Batavia straw trimmed with masses of white lace, mousseline, flowers or plumes.

Extreme fluffiness is a prominent characteristic of the exquisite new shoulder capes of tulle, lace and silk now shown in bewildering variety. In evolving a single cape vast quantities of light lace, platted chiffon and baby ribbon are consumed.

A Fair Chicagoan.
One of the handsomest of the Windy City's Four Hundred is Mrs. Yerkes, the charming wife of Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago millionaire. She had quite



MRS. CHARLES T. YERKES.
an adventure in New York recently, when a thief snatched her card case from her in broad daylight. He was soon captured, but Mrs. Yerkes took pity upon him and refused to prosecute.

To Take Stains Off Walls.
Very disgusting are grease marks on wall paper. There is a way to remove them, though the process should be gone through as soon as possible after they appear and before they have time to sink too deeply into the paper. Take some pipe clay or fuller's earth and mix it with cold water until it makes a fairly thick paste. Put a layer of this on the grease marks and let it remain for twenty-four hours. By this time it should be perfectly dry and can be brushed off. In the case of old stains it may be necessary to repeat the process.

Formation of Character.
Character takes shape by a very slow process. No one becomes at a bound that into which he fully matures. Silently and in a measure imperceptibly also we tend in this direction or in that. Then God sends some special contingency or combination of circumstances, and, lo, it is disclosed what manner of men we are, upright or false, manly or cringing, true or liable to equivocate, strong or weak.

Single Blankets.
It is a good plan to have your blankets singly and not in pairs, as they are usually bought. Very often two make one too warm, and one is all that is necessary. Cut them apart and buttonhole the edge with silk or worsted to match the border. This can be done with a steel crochet needle in single crochet.